



Drawn and Engraved by T. Bonner

M^S JACKSON *in the Character of* **BRITANNIA.**

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GALLIC GRATITUDE;

OR,

THE FRENCHMAN IN INDIA:

A

C O M E D Y

IN TWO ACTS,

As it is performed at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

B Y J . S . D O D D .

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXXIX.

CALLING ATTENTION

THE FIRST CHURCH IN INDIANA

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

OF THE UNITED STATES

T O

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

S I R,

PERMIT a man, better acquainted with your Character than your Person, to inscribe to you a piece you have generously taken under your wing. To you it belongs by the justest right; and I am proud the approbation of the Public hath confirmed (in this, as in every other instance) the soundness of your judgment.

The annexed Remarks as justly belong to you; since had it not been for your discernment of true merit, your attention to the amusement of the public, and your judicious allotment of parts, Mrs. Jackson's theatrical abilities had not been made so conspicuous as they now are.

Whilst

DEDICATION.

Whilst I cannot avoid congratulating myself on having produced a Piece honoured with your Patronage, I must also congratulate the public that the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden is under the direction of a gentleman of judgment, candor, and an inclination to set in the fairest light any performer or performance which appears any-wise deserving of his attention.

I am,

S I R,

Your very obliged humble Servant,

J. S. DODD.

N. B. The story of this Comedy is taken from a little French Farce of one act : how far I have extended or improved it, will be seen on comparing this piece with *La Naufrage*, written by M. La-font, and published in the year 1710.

P R O L O G U E

S P O K E N B Y

MRS. J A C K S O N,

In the Character of

B R I T A N N I A.

*FRANCE, from my first existence, well I know,
Hath ever been my most invet'rate foe,
That not alone in open arms she fought,
But by insidious arts my ruin sought :
Scarce made one treaty, but she basely broke,
And strove to bend me to her servile yoke.*

*Oft hath the valour of my sons prevail'd,
And forc'd her mightiest, haughtiest kings to yield ;
To sue for peace—still France her rancour kept ;
Whilst we had peace, her malice never slept.
The Gallic arms, unable to subdue,
The Gallic arts were always brought in view.
Conscious our courage she could never match,
Those whom she fear'd, she strove to over-reach.
Hence French quacks, tutors, cooks, and valets came
T'enervate those brave hearts she ne'er could tame ;
To spy our motions, and the news convey,
To gain our confidence, and then betray.*

Thinking

PROLOGUE.

*Thinking th' occasion apt, once more she dares
To interfere in our domestic wars ;
Widens the breach in this unhappy broil,
And hopes to share, of our distress the spoil.*

*Vain are her hopes of any conquest here,
The open force of France I never fear ;
Safe in my soldiers' and my seamen's hands,
I scorn; as heretofore, her hostile bands,
Hence I despise each harm she may intend,
France ne'er can hurt, but when she seems a friend.*

*But that we may defeat each deep-laid scheme,
And show the baseness of her fraudulent dream,
While, by my warlike sons, the sword is rear'd
To crush her arms, each honest, duteous bard
Should all her little treach'rous arts expose ;
Should shew French servants are concealed foes ;
That those who trust in them will surely find,
No favours can attach, no kindness bind ;
The men who fawn, whilst in subjection set,
And tyrants grow, when they advantage get.*

*The Poet of this night one instance brings,
From ill-plac'd confidence what trouble springs ;
And t hat deep sorrow will on those intrude,
Who e'er depend on GALLIC GRATITUDE.*

Persons

Persons Represented.

Men.

Coffin, Governor of Salamandros,	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
Ali, High Priest of the Sun, —	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
Haroun, } Officers of the Court,	{ <i>Mr. Robson.</i>
Decca, }	{ <i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Sir Thomas Callico, Governor of	{
Madras, — — —	{ <i>Mr. L'Esrange.</i>
La Bronze, his Valet, — —	<i>Mr. Wewitzer.</i>
Derby O Rudder, a Cockswain,	<i>Mr. Egan.</i>

Women.

Harriet, Wife to Sir Thomas,	<i>Miss Leeson.</i>
Teresa, her Attendant, —	<i>Mrs. Morton.</i>

Priests, Priestesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE in Salamandros, One of the Maldiv
Islands, in the East Indies.

GALLIC GRATITUDE;

O R,

THE FRENCHMAN IN INDIA.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Palm Grove, with a distant Prospect of the Sea.*

Enter HARRIET *and* TERESA.

TERESA.

YOU may reckon as you please, Madam, but I assure you, it is no more than a week since our shipwreck.

Harriet. Well, then a whole week has past, without the least news of my dear Sir Thomas.—Yes! he is dead!—there remains no farther hope of his safety—unfortunate Harriet! thy husband has perished, and thou art still alive.

B

Teresa.

Teresa. Indeed, Madam, the calamity is very great ; but, Heaven be praised ! you are still alive ; and Heaven blest the good Haroun who saved our lives. To be sure he is well paid, since he has got me for his wife.—Ah, Madam, little did I think when I first came into the service of old Sir Nicholas Nankeen, to attend you over to India, that ever that would have happened that has happened. Here have I been three years, refusing this lover, and that lover, and have taken up with an Indian at last.

Harriet. Alas ! Teresa ! we are too short-sighted to foresee what will happen. As little did I think, when I fled with my husband from the cruelty of my father, that I should have lost him so soon ; that I should have been cast upon this island, instead of getting to Madras ; and, that when I thought of living happy with Sir Thomas, in a place where he was governor, I should be made miserable by being where I am. Ah ! wretched, wretched, Harriet !

Teresa. Dear Madam ! why will you thus afflict yourself ?——Sir Thomas may have arrived safe in some other island. 'Tis true the rope, which held the boat, broke as soon as he got into it ; and before you could get down ; but he had four stout seamen with him, and may have reached some place in safety.

Harriet. Seek not to flatter me with vain hopes. Had that been the case, eight whole days would not have past without some news. No, that tender husband hath met a watery grave—while his unhappy widow was driven hither, and, in obedience to the ridiculous law of this island, forced immediately to chuse an husband.

Teresa. I do not look upon that law in the terrible light you do.——I was forced to chuse an husband, as well as you ; and gratefully fixed upon
Haroun,

Haroun, who so opportunely saved our lives. He is a native of this island, 'tis true, and of the religion of it,—a worshipper of the Sun, but he is gentle, tender, and noble, of a strict sense of honour, and of a kind loving disposition.

Harriet. But is it not the height of barbarity, to force every stranger who sets foot here, to marry immediately?

Teresa. Yet, you have very little occasion to complain of this law. It leaves to every one the freedom of choice. La Bronze, the valet to Sir Thomas, has married you, to preserve you for his master, in case he should be alive; and that you might avoid a connection with any of the islanders.

Harriet. I can have very little confidence in that stratagem; it can be only a mere temporary expedient. Hereafter they must find out the deceit.

Teresa. How can they find it out? La Bronze passes for your husband: besides, they are ignorant that he is a servant. He is looked upon as a great lord, which is confirmed by the sums he expends, and the figure he makes.

Harriet. Expends! why the fellow has not a single Roupee of his own.

Teresa. Indeed but he has——You were too much terrified with the storm, and too much occupied with the fate of Sir Thomas, to observe, then, what was done. But the cunning varlet, seeing the ship ready to sink, and the captain and four of the men washed over board, seized the captain's chest of money, and a casket of diamonds; and then, spying one of the launches coming from the shore to our relief, cried out with all his might, Help, my friends, help to save the captain.——Haroun came immediately along side, and took us in, with the chests, and the new-made lord, La Bronze. The rest of the seamen, atten-

tive to the vessel, staid by it; and we had not got quite ashore, when we perceived the ship founder. Sure! I have told you all this before; and you must have observed how magnificently he is drest.

Harriet. What can one observe? what can one remember, when overwhelm'd with grief?

Teresa. Well, Madam! observe now, for here he comes.

Enter LA BRONZE.

Teresa. Good day to you, La Bronze.

La Bronze. Goot morrow morn to you, Teresa, and de same to you, Matame.

Teresa. What is the matter with you, La Bronze, you seem melancholy?

La Bronze. O qu'oui——yes, inteet, I am fort melancholic, ver melancholy——and me am ver merry. Me very glaats, and me very sorry too.—I hope, and I do fear—Love and reverance both pull me dis way, and dat way, and toder way; and I ave de paine, and de plaisir, at vonce in mine art.

Teresa. What do you mean by all this nonsense?

La Bronze. Nonsense! parblieu, me do think it ver good sense, ma foy.—Some babillard—some busy-body ave tell my Lor de Gouverneur, dat our marriage be not consummé; not altogether finishe; pon vitch, he send for me, and vid un visage horric, un contenance terrible, et un aspect d'un diable—he tella—ah! ah! is it dus dat des estrangers—de stranger, make a de game of me, and mock, and despise our laws? Par le foliel! by de Sun, you fall both be put to death—unless dis ver night—

Harriet. Then let us die.

La Bronze.

La Bronze. Die!—ah je vous demande pardon, me have no great inclination to die.

Harriet. How!

La Bronze. Indee't I ad much rader obey de ordre of mi Lor Gouverneur.

Teresa. But her honour, *La Bronze.*

La Bronze. Honour! pardie let her honour alone, and tink of saving her life.

Harriet. But your love and respect for your master! villain! traitor!

La Bronze. Vat is it my faute dat my master do drown? how be me traitor den? You desire me to marry vid you, dat you might no ave von of dese Indians for your husband, who vould not ave ad dat respect for you, for von whole veek, as me ave ad: and, is it my faute, dat, being your husband, the Gouverneur vill dat—

Teresa. But you know——

La Bronze. Taisez vous——I know noting.

Teresa. Yes, you know that a heathen marriage, amongst us Christians——

La Bronze. Dey say it is ver goot marriage; 'tis de custom of de contrée—ven ve be at Rome, ve must do as dey do at Rome. De Grand Priest of de Sun, he ave begun dis union, and noting remains for us but de conclusion.

Harriet. But, wretch! don't you know this was only a stratagem!

La Bronze. Oui, Madame, and ver prit stratagem it vas—but den de Gouverneur he do fright me like de diable; he fort severe; and on de toder hand, you are very charmante. I feel de passion. Me love you terriblement: and may de sky tumble down upon my back if dis passion is not my plus grande joye, my plaisir——my master he do ver vell to drown as he did—en fin!—I sick for love of you, and you fall cure me.

Harriet,

Harriet. How dare you utter such expressions before me? hence from my sight.

La Bronze. Yes, I vill go—and I vill go to de Gouverneur, who knows ver vell how to make himself obey'd; and to support his laws with vigour. Diantre! me know vat to say to him—if he should talk of dis island—I can tell him, dat it fall not be my faute if it be not better peuplée.

Harriet. To what a degree, wretch! dost thou urge thy insolence to me, and thy ingratitude for all the obligations thou owest thy master.

La Bronze. Des obligations dat I owe my master! Diable! was more oblige to me, dan I to him; for, till he saw me, he never ad his hair vel drefs in all his life—But de Gouverneur fall know all dis. En attendant, Madame! know you dat I be your husband—you be mine vife—I will—it is my plaisir—you fall obey. I ave de advantage a present, and no Frenchman ever yet did forgo an advantage. [Exit.]

Harriet. O Teresa! who could have thought this?

Teresa. The wretch! I plainly see that he is a traitor; and it is from him alone the Governor has been informed of this mystery.

Harriet. O wretched Harriet!—alas! what can I do? what canst thou do for me? Teresa!

Teresa. Indeed I know not—But here comes my husband; if he can serve us, I know he will.

Harriet. Then he must be informed of all.

Teresa. He knows all already—I took care to make him acquainted with it, soon after our marriage.

Enter HAROUN.

Haroun. Where is my dear Teresa? why is she so long absent from—— Ha! Lady Harriet!
you

you weep! can the friend, the late mistress of my wife, be in grief, and I not seek to comfort her? —My Teresa loves you, Lady, she is half myself, and therefore the other half must love you too.

Teresa. If you love me, you must both love and assist her. A calamity has befallen her, more cruel than her shipwreck. You know I told you our artifice in her marrying La Bronze, and that it was to preserve her honour?

Haroun. You did so; and I applaud the honest feint.

Teresa. Ah! but, my dear Haroun! eight days are past, and yet no news of her Lord; La Bronze, presuming he hath perished, now dares affront my Lady with his odious love, and pretends the right of an husband to force her to his hated bed. Nay more, but now he told us the Governor was acquainted with the stratagem, and ordered her obedience on the pain of death. She has refused him, and he is gone to renew his complaint.

Haroun. This is, indeed, a most unlucky circumstance.

Harriet. And if you cannot find some method to extricate me from this dilemma, I will die, in obedience to the laws of your country.

Haroun. Dear Lady, have patience—I have thought, and I fancy I have hit upon, a method that will deliver you from what you dread so much; but you must have courage.

Harriet. Doubt not my resolution.

Haroun. Hush! here comes our Governor; let us not be seen. I'll tell you my stratagem as we go along.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter COSSIM, DECCA, LA BRONZE, and Guards.

La Bronze. En verité mi Lor—I speak a de truth; 'tis as me say.

Cossim. Insolent stranger! does she dare to infringe our establish'd laws? But, my Lord, be assured I will do you ample justice.

La Bronze. You will do me ample plaisir.

Cossim. You are her husband; and it is her duty to obey you.—But, how comes it that she can dislike you? whence is this strange disgust?

La Bronze. Pardie! me can no tell—me ver much surprize at it.

Cossim. You are not very ugly; at least you are not frightful.

La Bronze. Oh! mi Lor—votre Excellence—do me too much honeur—You make a me blush.

Cossim. Pray, are women so very coy, in Europe?

La Bronze. Coy!—comment! diable! ils sont toute au contrarie—quite different, pon mine vord. So far from muche intreaté, dat if dey no marry une girl ven she vant, pardie! she marry her ownself.

Cossim. And is not the husband there, the master?

La Bronze. O, yes!—but den de vife is de mistress—very oft, indeet.

Cossim. Your wife, it seems, wants to be so here, but I'll make her obedient.

Enter HAROUN.

Haroun. O my Lord Governor! I bring fatal news—the wife of Lord La Bronze——

La Bronze. Vel—vat of mine vife? — eh!

Haroun.

Haroun. Alas! she is dead!—to free herself from this unhappy marriage, she drank a deadly draught, before our eyes—and, by poison, escap'd the power of our laws.

La Bronze. So much de worse for her—'tis no my faute dat she do die—but, inteet, she was von very cross woman. Me do all me could to please her. Me defer her plaisir for eight days.—And, voila! Madame, she kill herself de ninth—en verité, she be ver ill bred.

Haroun. I am both alarmed and grieved at so sad a catastrophe.

La Bronze. 'Tis ver extraordinaire dat she prefer death to de honour of my bed.—To me, who am so vel made, dat my Lor himself have made me des compliments upon my figure: and in mine own contrée de vife, de maid, de widow, both at the court, de citée, et des villages, all run after me, and make love to me.

Cosim. Well, this affair is sorrowful for her, but very joyful for you.

La Bronze. Joyful! vat is it joyful for me dat my vife do die?

Cosim. Yes, you may rejoice; for, by this little misfortune you will acquire an endless glory, and eternalize your memory.

La Bronze. Ah!—comment!—how fall I do dat?

Haroun. You will be mentioned with honour by our grand-children.

La Bronze. For vat?

Cosim. Fetch hither the volume of our sacred laws.

[Exit Decca.]

La Bronze. Do book of de law—dere is no be-
soin, no occasion for dat—me suppose dat it do
ordre dat if von vife do die, I must marrie un

C

autre.

autre. De tout mon cœur—vid all mine art—I will no act contrarie to your law.

Cossim. You will soon know what the law exacts.

[*Enter Decca with a large Roll of Parchment.*]

Decca. Here is the law, my Lord.

Cossim. Turn to the eighteenth article, and read.

[*Decca reads.*]

When wife or husband comes to die,
 A funeral pile must be prepar'd,
 On which the corps, adorn'd, shall lie,
 With fragrant spices round it rear'd.
 Then, with a bold intrepid air,
 Rejoicing at the glorious end,
 The blest survivor, void of care,
 The lofty pile must straight ascend.
 There to declare a lasting love,
 And to secure a deathless fame,
 The living lover, truth doth prove,
 And dies in bright, surrounding flame.

La Bronze. Die in de flame!—and is dis vat I am to rejoice for?

Cossim. Yes—bless Heaven that sent you hither to enjoy so great an honour.

La Bronze. Me! vat to burn me quite alive because my wife be burn dead—no, je vous remercie—me tank you for dat, inteet—If you burn yourself—you be all very great fool—me am more wise,
 me

me vill not stay von quarter of an hour vid you.

[*Going.*

Decca. Hold—don't think of escaping thus.

Cossim. Guards, seize him there.

[*Guards seize La Bronze.*

La Bronze. Vat—are you reallment serieux? is all dis in good earnest?

Cossim. You'll find we do not jest—and if you do not die with glory—you must be ignominiously cast into the flames.

Haroun. Die, without shewing any ridiculous fear—for whether you will or not, you must be burned.

La Bronze. O diable!—indeed mi Lor de Gouverneur I never like de fire. O miserable dat I am—vat fal I do? vere fal I go?

Cossim. What! do you weep?

La Bronze. I vish I could weep tear enough to put out de fire.

Haroun. Come, resolve—get the mastery over your fears—think of your honour.

Decca. Think of your glory.

La Bronze. I ave none to tink of—I never ad honour or glorie in all my life-time. Dere is ver little of either in my contrée and I ave none of dat little.

Cossim. What will our children say of you?

La Bronze. Justement vat dey please!—me no care vat dey say.

Cossim. For shame. Throw yourself into the fire like an hero,—lead him to the pile.

La Bronze. Hold—I ave une scruple of conscience—pray vas Lady Harriet realment my vife?—I tink no.—Our marriage vas no complete; derefore, I vas not her husband.

Cossim. That was your own fault. Our priest married you, and die you must.

Haroun. Yes, you must die,—and, to give you pleasure, I will relate to you the whole ceremony.

La Bronze. I am much oblige you.

Haroun. You must not shed one tear, to disgrace the joyful occasion. At the palace gate you will be crown'd with flowers; and then, in grand procession, you will be led, with the sound of trumpets, to the foot of the pile.

La Bronze. O terrible!

Haroun. You will be next placed on the top, and fastened to the dead body of your dear Harriet. You never saw such rejoicings as you will see then. I am certain you will be pleased, and quite enchanted at the symphonies. Then four lighted torches applied to the corners of the pile, will, in a moment, set it all in flames. When you are burnt, your ashes will be gathered up, put into a golden urn, and placed in the Temple of the Sun. Your memory—but, you are silent.

Cosim. Joy for the honour which is to be conferr'd on him, doubtless renders him mute.

La Bronze. Or qu' ouy—I am very joyful —
(*kneeling*) O, my Lor de Gouverneur, have pity upon me.

Cosim. Can a man be so attached to live.

La Bronze. 'Tis ma foible, as tis dat of most of my contréemen; and, derefore, I can no help it. And pray do you Indians burn yourselves so merrily?

Haroun. Quite merrily.—

La Bronze. But, vat do you expect from burning yourselves dus.

Cosim. That, like the phoenix, we shall revive from our ashes.

La Bronze. But I no believe von vord of all dat. Therefore you can dispence vid de loi in favour of
an

an infidel.—As I no believe I am unworthy of such a merry death.

Cosim. Base, groveling soul! thou ambitious man; I will no longer affront our law by a delay—Haroun!

Haroun. My Lord.

Cosim. Do you take care to prepare every thing for the ceremony.—Let all be ready in half an hour, and omit neither musick nor songs to make it as magnificent as possible. *[Exit Haroun.]*

La Bronze. Yes, musick at an execution; c'est bien drole.—I am to be the principal figure in this cursed Opera—O diabolic contrée!

Cosim. Guards, take him to my palace, and prepare him for his glorious death.

La Bronze. Prepare for de death—O maudite preparation.—que feraije.

[La Bronze conveyed off by the guards.]

Cosim and Decca exeunt.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *Scene, withoutside the Town.*

Enter Sir Thomas Callico, and Derby O Rudder.

O Rudder (*speaking as he enters.*)

A RRAH! What the devil are you all coming ashore for?—Stay in the Vessel, and take care it don't ground, whilst it's afloat—We shan't be long, for the town's almost within hail; and if we don't find what we want, we'll be off directly.—Come, your honour, Derby O Rudder will be your pilot. This seems to be our course.

Sir Thomas. Go on, then.

O Rudder. Avaft a-bit.—Hadn't you better take a reef in your sorrow before you heave in sight of the Governor. I woudn't like any of these outlandish Indians should see an Englishman cast down, for any thing.

Sir Thomas. Alas! I cannot refrain from grief whilst I am in this uncertainty.—Yonder is the town where I am to hear what will fix my happiness or misery for ever.—I will pause a few moments to recollect my scattered spirits—for though I long to enquire, yet I hesitate, and tremble to approach the place.

O Rudder. Then heave up in the wind, and lay to till the tide of grief ebbs. But why needs your honour tremble? You have nothing to fear, you have a letter of protection, and to enable you to overhaul the girls to seek for my lady; so that you may find her, and make her answer to her muster, whether she's dead or alive.

Sir

Sir Thomas. Dead! Derby!

O Rudder. Och! mulha long life to your honour, don't be angry; I only said that to comfort you, that you'll have her some how or some how. For this is the very island that the ship did founder upon: so, you know, if she's alive, she's moor'd here; and if she was drowned, the sea must have cast her ashore; and they would not have buried her till she was waked, as she was a person of distinction. And said I should be as sorry as if she was my own grandmother. For, unreave the laniards of my heart, and cast off the breechings and tackles of my soul, if I have not lov'd her ever since she begg'd me off, when the captain was going to have me flogg'd, only for getting a little sup too much, and beating the boatswain. For, as I'm an Irishman, I never forgets a benefit.

Sir Thomas. Yes, Derby, she was sweetness itself, every body lov'd her.

O Rudder. Faith your honour may say that. So they did; for she was a sweet creature; and I'm sure the Lady Lieutenant of Ireland, nor the archbishop of Armagh's mother cou'dn't compare to her—And there was Teresa too.

Sir Thomas. I fear they're both gone; and my poor La Bronze.

O Rudder. Och! joy! as for that spalpeen of a Frenchman, if nobody was gone but him, there would be no loss neither; for, hadn't it been out of respect to your honour, I'd have made a deep-sea lead of him, as soon as the storm came on,—only to see how far we had to go to the bottom.

Sir Thomas. Why so? Why would you wish to destroy my faithful servant?

O Rudder. Your faithful servant, do you call him! you might expect faithfulness from an Irishman, or an Englishman, or a Scotchman, and not
be

be disappointed neither: but, you might put all the fidelity of a Frenchman into a ballast basket, and it wou'dn't sink it.—But there's no fear of his being lost, for he was so light headed he would take a great deal of drowning. And, besides, the sea is too good-natur'd to rob the gallows.

Sir Thomas. Still, drowning!—your tongue forbodes evil, and presents nothing but melancholy images to my mind.

O Rudder. Fait, your honour, that's all to give you comfort. Becase why! when we're sure of the worst, if we get good news, we're always the more betterer for it.

Sir Thomas. Heav'n grant good news. And, now I think I have summoned sufficient resolution to hear what has happened; let us go to the Governor. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter COSSIM.

Cosim. By this time all is nearly ready. I am astonish'd that this weak man cannot discover the glory of his fate. His heart is so base as to fear death. May the sun shed his light upon him, and give him strength of mind to surmount this childish fear.

Enter DECCA.

Decca. My Lord, a stranger is just landed, and brings a letter to your excellence, from your noble father, the governor of the island of Santoriada.

Cosim.

Cosim. Admit him.

[*Exit Decca, and enter with Sir Thomas Callico.*]

Sir Thomas. My Lord, a stranger, escaped from shipwreck in a neighbouring island, hopeless and in despair for the loss of what was most dear to him, comes to your Lordship, with a letter from your father.

Cosim. Sir, you are welcome.—Whate're my father asks, in your behalf, I promise you to grant. (*reads*) "The bearer is a gentleman, shipwreck'd
" on my island. The ship that perish'd held a
" lady he dearly lov'd, nam'd Harriet. If she
" should be cast upon your island, cause her to b
" sought for; and, by restoring her to him, give
" him new life—It is not impossible but she may
" have escap'd the wreck."—Unhappy man! yes I can give you an account of your Harriet.

Sir Thomas. Then I shall again behold her lovely face.—My dearest, gracious Lord, complete my happiness, and direct me to her.

Cosim. Alas! Sir, were you to see her now, it would encrease your grief.—She died this morning.

Sir Thomas. What! came ashore alive, and died so lately?

Cosim. I know the news must be dreadful to you; but rouse your spirits, and since you must be informed of all, know that this very hour her body is to be burn'd, and with it, that of her living husband.

Sir Thomas. Her husband!—what do I hear!—O faithless Harriet, is it thus you have repaid my tender love?

Cosim. Her nuptials were begun, but not consummated; yet, by our laws, the husband must burn with the wife, on the funeral pile.

D

Sir

Sir Thomas. O, Sir! permit me to perish with her in the flames.—She was my wife too.—And, after her loss, faithless as she was, life has no charms for me.

Cosim. The husband does not act in this noble manner.—His glorious fate alarms and frightens him.

Sir Thomas. Let me, then, meet that fate; I dread it not.—Heavens! how changeable is my fortune! I here find her I had lost, and find her lost for ever.

Cosim. Indeed I pity you.

Enter HAROUN.

Haroun. My Lord, every thing is ready for the ceremony, but the husband is still unconsolable.

Sir Thomas. O dreadful sound!—I can't! I can't support it. *[Runs off.]*

Cosim. Follow, and keep him within; his grief would interrupt the solemnity. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

SCENE, *without the Palace.*

Enter ORUDDER.

O Rudder. Well! by this time his honour knows whether his Lady is still borne on the ship of life's books, or is discharged by reason of death.—I wish he'd come back, that I might get on board,—I don't half like these tawney fellows—and as for the women!—mona faint d'yowl but an Irish woman that has made hay for six Julys—aye and six Augusts too, to the back of them, is as fair as a lilly to the best of 'em.

Enter

Enter DECCA.

Decca. What art thou? stranger!

O Rudder. So.—I suppose this is one of the quarter-deck officers of the island, for he speaks with authority.

Decca. Didst thou not hear me? I say, what art thou?

O Rudder. To be sure I heard you well enough, do you think I'm blind? and as to what I am; why you see I am a man, and what's more, a seaman; and what's still more than that, an Irishman.

Decca. An Irishman! what country's that?

O Rudder. What country's that? why to be sure you don't know that it is Irish country, called Ireland; and it lies on the other side of a bit of a channel, on the back side of England.

Decca. Then you belong to England?

O Rudder. O yes, we do belong to England sure enough; we are sisters—we send her our beef, and our pork, and our linen, and our soldiers and sailors; and she sends us Bishops, and Deans, and Judges—so there we are even, you know.

Decca. I don't well understand you—but no matter; how came you hither?

O Rudder. How I came hither? why I came along with his honour, Sir Thomas Callico, the governor of Madras, who is come here to know whether his wife who was drowned this day week about eleven o'clock P. M. be alive or not. He's gone into your commanding officer's cabin; and I wait upon deck here till he comes out.

Decca. I have seen the gentleman; his wife is dead, and he is greatly indisposed.

O Rudder. Dead is she?—Och hone! och hone! —och! why would you die my poor lady.

[Cries very loud.]

D 2

Decca.

Decca. Why does the fellow bawl so?

O Rudder. Bawl—I don't bawl—I only was beginning the Croonan—according to fashion of my own country—but mayn't I go and comfort his honour?

Decca. Not yet—I have something to say to you. Do you know the law of this island?

O Rudder. Not, I fait! How should I know the law of this country, when I don't know the law of my own?

Decca. How! not know the law of your own country?

O Rudder. No, I say.—We have a big number of clever fellows, some who wear long black gowns, and others that carry green bags: they know the law; and, as they are paid for knowing it, they don't care any body should know any thing of it, but themselves.

Decca. But we have one law here, which you must be told.—Every stranger who sets foot here, must be married directly—so you must obey.

O Rudder. What! must I be married?

Decca. Yes.

O Rudder. And, pray, who must I be married to?

Decca. To any of our women you may chuse.

O Rudder. Your women! What is it to one of your tawney-fac'd cratures, who has not even the look of a good Christian?—Not I, indeed, I shall chuse neither of them.

Decca. We shall find a way to make you.

O Rudder. By my shoul, this is a very odd sort of a custom. Why, Sir, I have got a wife already in old Ireland, who is of a great, ancient family, tho' it is fallen a little into decay.—And, tho' I havn't seen her these three years, yet I love her too well to marry another woman, that I don't like. — Beside I don't

don't design to stay here longer than the tide makes, and his honour comes down to the boat.

Decca. Of that our governor is to determine, and it is my duty to bring you before him. So come come along.

O Rudder. Come along, is it?—To be sure I must go with you, as I can't help it; and I am but one to you, and a shoal of your after-guard, that I see yonder. —But, mona mon dyowl! If I had but a dozen of my countrymen with me, with our good Shelalas in our fists, unship all my teeth, that I may never shiver a biscuit more, if we would not clear the decks of two or three hundred of ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. *A long street.*

In the middle is seen a magnificent funeral pile, on the top of which Harriet lies on a sofa, as dead. By her side is another sofa.

Enter the procession from the top.

Two men bearing incensors.

Two flutes.

A kettle drum.

Two trumpets.

Two virgins.

Six foldiers.

A priest bearing an urn.

Two priestesses.

Teresa.

Officers of the court.

Two hautboys.

Haroun.

Soldiers with Indian banners.

Coffin.

Two officers.

Four

Four priests.

Ali, the high priest.

La Bronze (*crown'd with a wreath of flowers*) led by two priests.

Soldiers with banners.

La Bronze. O, mes pauvres eyes ! — melt you all in tear. Von half of La Bronze is dead, and de toder half is to die too.—But I no so much grieve for de half dat I ave lost, as for dat vich stay behind. O terrible death ! to be burn alive ! If I had drown, I should no have suffer half so much pain.—Ave you no mercy—ave you no pitie on a pauvre diable.

Haroun. Peace, my lord—peace, you must rejoice.

La Bronze. No—you Barbarian ! I vil no rejoice—I no peace—peace yourself. Let me speak my dying speech.

Ali. Silence, much honoured man. Your eyes are full of joy, and you are quite contented.

La Bronze. Monsieur de high priest, you tell a von damn lie—dere is no joy in my eye, dere is noting but tear.—I am no content, and I vil complain and cry out. Vas dere ever such cruelty ? Dey play music under my very nose, to celebrate mine happiness—en verité I tink dey will ask me to dance, by and by.

Cosim. Come, prepare.

Ali. Priests, advance with your torches.

La Bronze. Arretez un peu ! stop von minute ! I ave someting of consequence to say. You, Monsieur High Priest, ave too great a respect for your own religion, not to regard dat of an oder. I am Christian—I can no die till I ave confesse all my sin—now, dere be no Christian priest here—derefore, I beg von little respite, of nine or ten months, till I can send to mine own contrée for one, and den

den I vil burn, according to your façon, vid all mine art.

Ali. Son ! never trouble yourself about your sins ; for, were they tenfold what they are, this glorious death will expiate them all. Therefore prepare—guards, lead him to the pile.

La Bronze. I vil no go.

Enter DECCA and O RUDDER.

Decca. Behold, my Lord, another object of our laws. This seaman just arrived. He says he belongs to Sir Thomas—and I wait your orders for his marriage.

Cossim. No, Decca, as he is not to reside here, he is not a proper object.—Besides, his chief is recommended by my father, and will soon retire from hence.—Go on with the ceremony.

La Bronze. O stay, stay ! ah—ah ! vat I see ? Dere is Monsieur O Rudder.—Ah ! mine good friend, help me.—I ave marry my lady—she die, I must be burnt vid her.—Ah ! my Lord Gouverneur, dis be mine contréeman—he be bail for me.

O Rudder. Your countryman ! Och the devil a foot am I your countryman ; nor would I be bail for you, for a trawneen. But I am sorry, agra ! for the news you tell me. First, that my lady should marry such a buddah as you ; and next, because you are only to be burnt, when I always thought you'd be hang'd. Tho', faith ! now I think on't, I'm glad at my heart ; because you Frenchmen have a great aversion to fire and smoke.

Cossim. Come. We only trifle—lead him to death.

La Bronze (struggling). O help ! help ! miserecorde ! miserecorde !

Enter

Enter Sir THOMAS CALLICO.

Sir Thomas (without). It is in vain, I'll not be with-held—I will see my Harriet, and burn with her. Her husband shall not enjoy that melancholy pleasure alone.

La Bronze (not seeing him). You may enjoy it all yourself, whoever you be.

Sir Thomas. What do I see! Sure I am not deceiv'd!—'tis he! it is La Bronze! Villain! is it thou that art the happy husband, who hath ravish'd my darling Harriet from me?

La Bronze. Yes, I am de happy husband, now you be come. Here take a your flower (*taking off the wreath*). Ah! my master! you ver welcome. Here take a your place; you burn vid her.—Ah! Monsieur High Priest! Monsieur Gouverneur! Ah! I no burn now—dis vas her veritable husband.

Coffin. That may be; but here we know no other husband than you. No more words! guards, feize the coward, and bind him on the pile.

Haroun. Now, Lady Harriet—(*brings her from the pile*).

Sir Thomas. Just heavens!

Harriet. My dear Sir Thomas!

La Bronze. Un miracle! un miracle!

Coffin. What! is your wife alive?

Ali. How! lady! have you made a mock of our religion, the governor, and of me?

Harriet. Pardon—O pardon the innocent stratagem, which virtuous love inspir'd, to preserve me for my dear husband. Forgive, if I have offended your laws—This is my husband.

Ali. Since things are thus, I restore you to your first husband.—The latter is unworthy both of you

you and life. By the authority of the Sun, which is vested in me, I here dissolve your nuptials with him.

La Bronze. Dere is a cheat!—ven she die, I must go vid her and burn—now she's alive, you give her to anoder.

Cossim. Peace, Coward!—For you, generous man, whose love and courage charms me, live with your Harriet long and happy here, enjoying every pleasure of this isle.

Sir Thomas. Your pardon, noble Sir. I am the Governor of the English factory at Madras—permit then my return to where my duty calls—and should your islanders chuse to trade with us, they shall be all as Englishmen and brothers to me—the same immunities, privileges, and freedom of traffick.

Cossim. I accept your offer—and appoint Harroun to be my factor with you. To-morrow a vessel shall be prepared to carry you all thither. Nothing now remains, but to dispose of Lord La Bronze.

Sir Thomas. Lord La Bronze!—the rascal! he was my valet.

Cossim. How! your menial servant?—has he then imposed on me, as well as betrayed his master?—Where got he all his riches.

Teresa. They were the riches of the captain of the ship who perished in the storm.

Cossim. Thou treble villain—Cowardice, fraud, treachery, and insolence deserve a most severe punishment.

La Bronze. Punishment!—I tink I am punish enough—I lose my vife—I lose my riches—I am almost fright out of my vits, and you vant now to punish me again.

O Rudder. By my shoul, but you deserve it ten times again; for you have been a great big rogue—but that's no wonder—for a coward is capable of any villany—I'm sorry you ar'n't burnt; but my whole comfort is that you'll live to be hang'd.

Ali. To let him go unpunished would be a sin—It is, therefore, my advice, that he be sent to work in the diamond-mines of Golconda.

O Rudder. Och! long life and a decent death and burial to your reverence; for that good advice.

Coffin. You advise well—it shall be so.

La Bronze. N'importe, dat is better than marry again here, to burn vid my vife. If I vork, I fall live, and I canno live more hard dan I did in mine own contrée—but if de maitre of des Mines ave any taste, and love to ave his hair vell drefs—I fal no be slave long.

Sir Thomas. My Lord his punishment is just—But for what he has done to me, I own I have, in some measure, deserved it. There were honest men enough of my own country who I might have taken, and not have employ'd a subject of our natural enemies. And I hope, from my example, Gentlemen will see the folly of giving employment to Frenchmen, in preference to our more honest, though less servile, countrymen.

CRITICAL REMARKS
ON
MRS. JACKSON'S PERFORMANCE
OF
LADY RANDOLPH
IN THE TRAGEDY OF
DOUGLAS,
At the THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT GARDEN,
APRIL 30, 1779.

CRITICAL REMARKS

Mrs JACKSON'S PERFORMANCE

OF

LADY RANDOLPH

IN THE TRAGEDY OF

DON GUENES

At the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden

April 30 1790

CRITICAL REMARKS.

WHILST the British Stage justly laments the setting of so many Theatric Stars of the first magnitude; and sees others, so much in their wane as to threaten their speedy decline beneath the Dramatic Horizon; it must give pleasure to every lover of the Scenic Art to behold fresh luminaries either rising, or advancing to a degree of lustre capable of supplying the place of those which are lost to the world. Without this prospect, the Stage would soon have cause to mourn indeed; the Public would be soon deprived of one of its most rational amusements; and the most estimable beauties of past, present, and future bards must remain, like pictures beheld in all light, or as rough gems which want the polish of the skilful lapidary, to make their splendor conspicuous to all beholders.

It becomes, therefore, the duty of every friend of the Drama to mark when excellencies shine forth, in such performers as have not yet risen to the summit of public applause; to point them out to those who may not have had the opportunity of seeing them; or who, not being roused to fixed attention by the sound of a great name, may have passed them over, with an unobservant eye, or an inattentive ear.

Praise and censure are the two great spurs to doing well. We are pretty liberal in bestowing the latter, even where
it

It has not been fully deserved. We readily condemn what we disapprove; and it may be necessary for the audience to shew a proper disapprobation of defects or negligence, as a memento to the performer to avoid either. But both justice and necessity equally demand that due praise should be given to merit. This is not only paying a debt, but also a capital means of procuring an exertion of Dramatic powers, to secure a continuation of that applause.

It is in the spirit of these remarks, that I have taken up my pen, to point out the excellencies of Mrs. JACKSON in her late performance of Lady Randolph; to augur to the Public the height to which they will mount, if unrestrained and set in a proper light; to felicitate the stage on the pleasing prospect of an adequate successor when any of its first female luminaries shall cease to shine; and to pay my share of that due, that stimulative praise, which justice to Mrs. Jackson's merit demands from me: and I shall readily pay the same tribute to other performers, on a like occasion.

There is still another reason for the propriety of such remarks on actors and actresses who have not yet attained the first rank; and that arises, in respect to the Managers. It is well known that some of the *first line* of performers, are often very troublesome to the Patentees. Whilst they consider themselves as unrivalled, they often indulge caprices prejudicial to the Managers, and disgustful to the Public. An apocryphal cold, or an indisposition, more often the offspring of whim or spleen, than real disorder, deprives the one of their profit, and the other of their entertainment. The Patentees are harrassed with complaints about the parts, precedence, or dresses of such as think their consequence can be maintained only by being troublesome and capricious. What are the proper remedies for these evils? These, and these only: the taking every opportunity of putting such performers, as possess merit, into adequate parts, that the Public may form just comparisons; and the publishing such remarks as may point out wherein they excell, and how far those who fill the second rank, are worthy of succeeding to a superior cast,

cast. Thus justice will be rendered to the deserving; the capricious will be taught that their imaginary sicknesses will be useless, as their parts can be filled without them; and the result will be to the interest of both the Managers, the performers, and the Public.

Mrs. Jackson, from her first outset, seems to have panted after perfection, and to have taken every opportunity to attain it. Daughter of a gentleman of sound judgment in the Drama *, and wife to a gentleman of known abilities, she profited of the instructions of both, and was the delight of the most judicious audiences of Dublin and Edinburgh; filling, with credit, an extensive and respectable round of parts. She possessed many requisites for the Stage; a pleasing person, an expressive countenance, a voice, at once exceeding powerful and melodious, a great variety of tones, an action, void of stiffness or extravagance, and a just conception of the sense of her Author. Thus qualified, the Manager of Covent Garden certainly shewed his judgment and desire of pleasing the Public, by engaging her for that theatre; and though most of the characters of the first line were in the possession of other actresses, yet he very judiciously gave Mrs. Jackson some of equal importance, as they became unoccupied, that the town might see of what she was capable.

Many persons are too apt to judge of the performers' merits by the estimation only of the parts in which they appear; and never look upon them in the light they deserve, till chance, or the judgment and candour of a Manager, places them in a more conspicuous light. Thence Mrs. Jackson was first beheld in the difficult and capital characters of Juliet, Milwood, Merope, Isabella (in Measure for Measure) &c. with diffidence; but she struck the audience with an unexpected blaze of light, that at once both dazzled and surprized; and fixed her character as an actress of great merit.

It remained only for Mrs. Jackson to shew herself in some characters, acknowledged to be capitally performed by the first actresses of the present day. The attempt indeed

* Mr. Sowden.

deed was bold, and she had much to dread. Each reigning queen of the Drama had her partisans, who would not fail to arraign Mrs. Jackson of arrogance in presuming to expect applause, whilst their sovereign was alive; who would, therefore, criticize with severity, and be very backward in applauding. She had likewise the public prejudice to encounter; but somewhat conscious of her own powers, and relying on the candour of the Public, she resolved on the trial.

Lady Randolph has ever been esteemed a very difficult part to sustain; a part that (at least during the First Act) is much against the performer, and requires an uncommon share of abilities to support, in such manner as to gain applause. Add to this that one of the best actresses of the age had hitherto shone unrivalled in it; yet in this very character Mrs. Jackson chose to appear, and took the opportunity of her own benefit to claim it for that night.

To succeed in any part it is one requisite that the performer should *look* the character. Here Mrs. Jackson fully possessed that capital requisite. We may judge that *Lady Randolph* was at the time of the action about thirty-three (as may be gathered from the age of Douglas, which is fixed by Old Norval at about seventeen, and the probable supposition that she was not more than sixteen when first married) that she had a striking figure, and beauty to attract admirers: for though she says,

*In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admired:
The autumn of my days is come already;
For sorrow made my summer haste away.*

Yet that expression favoured rather of modesty, and desire of aggrandizing the beauty of her dead husband, than a strict adherence to truth: for *Douglas* expressly says,

“ *As thou excellest all of woman kind.*”

And *Anna* mentions her beauty in these terms,

“ *Let woman view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty:—who so fair as she?*”

Thence

Thence an antiquated matron of threescore, the fallow hue of a bloodless visage, or a mere crying countenance can never express a semblance of Lady Randolph to the eye; however excellently her words may be uttered. In these points Mrs. Jackson had an advantage: her age seems indeed much under that required for Lady Randolph; but that is surely a fault on the right side. And her person was such as might well warrant the love of Lord Randolph, and somewhat excuse the passion of Glenalvon, from the power of the incitement.

I have said the First Act of Lady Randolph is much against the performer. It certainly is so; it is nothing more than a recital of past events, of which she informs the audience by telling them to Anna, in a manner not altogether so judicious, or natural as might be wished. Yet though it is a heavy scene there is no reason it should be performed with a heavy, tedious monotony, or an inanimate whine, as it has sometimes been. She speaks, indeed, the language of grief, which is generally soft and solemn when habituated by time, and has lost the querulous tones it first assumes; yet grief has its flashes of fire which break out at the remembrance of particular circumstances. Mrs. Jackson seemed to have thought in this manner, and that the more tedious the narrative, the more it required to be enlightened by proper strokes of animation. She acted it accordingly, and met with just approbation. Her soliloquy was solemn, level speaking; strongly articulated, and such as bespoke attention. Lord Randolph's mention of the family feud between her house and that of Douglas, awakened afresh in her mind the fatal consequences of that feud, and she replied in an animated manner; which bringing on a sorrowful reproach from her husband, she pronounced her short eulogium on his merits, in a different tone from any of her former speeches, and displayed a judicious variety.

Being left with Anna, a sudden supposition of that attendant, retraces in her mind each circumstance of her past calamities, and she resolves to trust Anna with her story. This, as circumstances arise, affects her with vari-

ous emotions; which Mrs. Jackson conveyed to the audience by an apt transition of contending passions. Her voice rose gradually from the low accents of heart-felt sorrow, to the loud expressions of boundless grief, at the relation of the loss of her son, in the waters of the Carron. That she was right in her manner may be still farther presumed, when we consider that Lady Randolph says her story is,

“ A plaint which mortal ear has never heard.”

it cannot be imagined, at the first time of its utterance to another person, the long pent up secret can be disclosed with calm indifference.

Violent passions never remain long at their height, unless fresh fuel is constantly administered. Having mentioned the death of her son, a calm succeeds, her agitated spirits subside, and she concludes her narrative with a reflection on the number of her misfortunes. All this was aptly expressed with well-adapted tones, which still were farther varied in her observations on Glenalvon; with which she departs.

Mrs. Jackson seem'd, during this scene, to add supplemental beauties to the poet, or at least conveyed his ideas to the audience in a more varied, forcible, and expressive manner, than I had hitherto seen. Some actresses have contented themselves with going through this preparatory Act, with a mere repetition of the words, coolly and languidly, as if scarce worthy of an exertion of their abilities; or from the Stage trick of keeping back their powers for those parts of the character which demanded greater energy. But Mrs. Jackson did not seem to think one line unworthy of her attention; and whilst she gave the audience a foretaste of what was to follow, she was resolved (like the great translator of Homer) to exert her greatest skill, where her Author had shewn the least.

The Second Act affords greater scope for action.— Alarmed by sudden outcries, Lady Randolph fears for the life of her Lord (whose virtues she honours, though love
had

had been long buried in the grave of Douglas) she expresses her gratitude to his young unknown deliverer with energy and dignity. Whilst Young Norval was relating his adventure, Mrs. Jackson did not, like some we have seen, stand inattentive to his relation, and rolling her eyes around the audience to catch the glance of approbation. On the contrary, she look'd full at him, seem'd to catch every accent; and shew'd in her countenance the inward feelings she afterwards declared to Anna. Her manner of thanking the youth, with her reflection on

—*The wonder-working hand of Heav'n,*

seem'd to flow from a pious frame of mind, which adores Providence in every event; and her chusing him for *her Knight*, expressed both gratitude to him and a friendly care for Lord Randolph's safety.

The sight of Young Norval having traced in her mind, what her son might have been, had he lived, she becomes fearful that Glenalvon's jealousy of a rival in the Baron's favour will excite him to practise some guile; against this she cautions him, after she has given him a proper rebuke. This part Mrs. Jackson performed with the true dignity of affronted virtue. Her severity of aspect and awful solemnity of accent were such as struck not only Glenalvon, but a whole audience, and seem'd to realize the representation.

In the Third Act, the lady's passions are rais'd to a greater height. The jewels she had placed in her infant's cradle, being found on a stranger, suspected of being one of the late intended assassins of Lord Randolph, seems a mystery, worthy of being unravelled. She enters to the examination with these words,

“*Thou shalt behold me with a desperate heart
Hear how my infant perish'd.*”

She spoke them in a tone that shew'd she had carefully studied the passions of the human heart. The despair of incertitude, which paints certainty to the imagination, whilst it searches for the mode of that certainty, is very

deceitful. It makes those who conceive that passion, & think they are calm; but the inward agitation shews it deceitfulness. Hence Mrs. Jackson did not affect a Stoic apathy, or run out into vociferation, but clearly demonstrated, that she stifled direful apprehensions under a seeming tranquillity. Her manner of shewing the jewels to Old Norval, carried more force than pages of interrogatories. During the story of Old Norval, her eye, the different muscles of her face, nay her whole frame, seemed to be moved by a variety of conflicting passions. Curiosity sat on her brow, in company with Doubt and Fear. But when he mentioned a child being brought to the river side, her maternal curiosity burst out, unrestrained, with the exclamation,

—— *Was he alive?*

This she utter'd with the utmost exertion of her voice, her eye wild with terror, and her breast heaving with a doubt, that seem'd to fear, whilst it eagerly press'd to be resolved. The old man's answer—*He was*, seem'd enough to assure her, he had murdered the child—she bursts into tears and says,

—— *Inhuman that thou art,*

How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spar'd?

He replies, *He was not so inhuman*; her ear catches the pleasing sound, her eyes flash with joy, whilst she cries,

Didst thou not?

And when his tale, *interrupted*, by the inquiries of impatience, at length assures her the youth she had so admired was her own son, Mrs. Jackson's transition from the horrors of despair to the summit of joy, was such as Art could not express, unless powerfully assisted by the hand of Nature.

In the next Act, her discovery to Young Norval, that he was Douglas, and her son, was equally pleasing, though in a different style of acting. The turbulent passions had given way, to those which were under the guidance of reason. And though some actresses pay little regard to the

the less animated speeches of this character, and therefore speak the greatest part of the Fourth Act, with less attention than they shew to the great allurements of applause, Mrs. Jackson found means, by carefully considering each line, to secure approbation, where some others have never sought it.

We now come to the last Act ; of her first scene in which, let it suffice to say, the careful mother was conspicuous ; but in the last, where she sees her son wounded, her expressions were more easily felt, than to be described. Hope and fear alternately reigned in her countenance, and when he died, her sudden falling as dead, fully expressed that the tide of sorrow, come to its height, had overwhelmed her powers. Her reviving was natural, and then frenzy possessed her whole frame. Her words thrilled through every ear, and her rapid exit, almost made the relation of Anna unnecessary, as some act of desperation only could naturally close the climax.

In these Remarks, I have endeavoured to divest myself of every prejudice, or partiality, and to take Nature alone for the guide of my judgment. I do not seek to obtrude my opinion solely, on the Public. But I confess I felt great pleasure at finding that opinion was authenticated by the suffrages of many Ladies and Gentlemen of superior taste ; and the general applause of a very numerous Audience.

F I N I S.

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We now come to the last Act: of her life...
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